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BEALE, BETTY
ROBB, CHARLES

Robb Shows CIA-Type

Talent

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Chuck Robb should join the CIA. He's new to the goldfish bowl life, but he pulled off the greatest coup of such a publicized bridegroom in recent memory.

One could go further.

He managed to cloak himself and his bride in a cloud of secrecy that must be the envy of everybody from Jacqueline Kennedy and Princess Margaret to Charles Lindbergh.

And he did it at a time when the press corps all the way from the White House to the Caribbean, from Dulles Airport to Honolulu, was alerted to be on the lookout. One report even said they had been seen in England.

Not a single camera though equipped with telescopic lens and trained around the clock on the suspected honeymoon spot ever caught visible proof of the newlyweds' arrival, presence or departure.

How did he do it? The Marine captain, who may be deploying troops in a few months, isn't telling. He won't even confirm what has already been published.

"ABOUT 75% of what we saw in print was amusing but not necessary factual," he said yesterday.

It is known now that they did not spend their wedding night at the Georgetown Inn. A White House spokesman confirmed that this was not the case and the manager of the inn, Collins Bird, admitted privately to friends, "I wish it were true but it isn't."

The President's new son-in-law won't even admit they were at Caneel Bay, although if they weren't the governor of the Virgin Islands was telling a big one when he reported after their departure

that they had a wonderful time there.

Perhaps Chuck doesn't want to say they were there because honeymoon spots of celebrities are apt to become one-day tourist attractions which is never desirable for the community. At any rate, he's not telling even now when it's past history.

The reason he was able to keep his plans a secret was that he told so few people that not even his bride or his best man knew before the wedding.

In fact, he said a few days before, "Believe me, there are very few who know and the people you think would be the obvious ones to know, don't. Like my best man. He hasn't asked and I haven't volunteered. Everyone at the proper and appropriate time will know as much as they will have to know," said this man who doesn't let things get out of control.

SAID LYNDA yesterday regarding their first stop after leaving the White House, "I didn't know where we were going until we actually got there." As for the final destination, he told her what to pack and the "approximate quantity necessary."

They do admit to a suntan, although Lynda apparently took care of that flawless cream complexion of hers until she got home. Chocolate is proverbially bad for the skin, but she went on a candy jag with the advent of Christmas. Her and her mother's favorite candy, she said, is malted milk balls and Santa gave them both some. She has also been devouring chocolate-covered raisins.

Such indulgences are for short duration, however. She doesn't want to lose her sylph-like figure.

In fact, he said, he and Lynda became so accustomed to them that frequently when they were ready to go out they would go and get the Secret Servicemen "because we would almost feel naked without them. Their sole responsibility is for protection and not to hinder or restrict our movements."



CAPT. ROBB



LYNDA ROBB

He doesn't expect to be bothered by the Secret Service at their new abode. He got used to them as a White House aide and they never "seemed to be an obstacle at all. Throughout our courtship they were wonderful and very enjoyable companions."